



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out." —Job xxix. 12, 16.

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For Terms and Notices, see Last Pages.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

BY KATE CAMERON.

BEYOND the clouds that veil from sight
The world of perfect bliss,
Thou hast thy spirit-home, dear friend,
In fairer clime than this.

Thou wert too pure, too true for earth,
Thy heart too often bled
O'er blighted hopes, and broken ties,
And o'er the early dead.

Beyond the clouds thou art at rest;
There shadows never fall;
There Death and Change can enter not,
And God is all in all.

The streams of earth could not allay
Thy thirst for truth divine,
But at the fountain now thou canst
Make deepest wisdom thine.

Beyond the clouds of doubt and sense
How will thy spirit soar!
How eagerly thy soul will learn
Words of immortal lore!

Thine ardent love of melody
Found much to pain it here,
But in the harmonies above.
No discord strikes the ear.

And beauty there can never die;
There are no faded flowers
To bring to mind, with saddened thrill,
The joy of vanished hours.

And can we mourn that thou hast gone
Thus early to that shore
Where gloom and anguish, care and pain,
Are felt and feared no more?

Thank God! thou art beyond the clouds,
And like a beaming star,
Thou'll guide our spirits till we meet
In thy bright home afar.

Nothing greater can be said of faith, than that it is the
only thing which can bid defiance to the accusations of
conscience.—Rev. T. Adams.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

MOTHERS, PRAY FOR YOUR SONS.

IN these great cities the temptations to evil
are so dreadful!

Satan is busier than ever with allurements
to young men who are fresh from the restraining
influences of home.

At almost every turn are those terrible
"Shades," so rightly named, since they are
places of more than midnight gloom to every
soul that is enticed by them.

Passing one the other evening, I saw emerging
from the door, a youth of gentlemanly and
prepossessing appearance, yet so bewildered
by intoxicating drinks that he reeled to and
fro upon the sidewalk, and seemed uncertain
which way to go.

The night was bitter cold; and I felt that if
he should fall, in any by-place, he must cer-
tainly be frozen to death. The very thought
was agony to me, a stranger; and what if a
sister, or mother, were awaiting anxiously at
home the sound of the key in the night-latch,
conscious of the habit that made him who
should have been their joy and blessing, but a
care and dread!

I am no mother; I have never laid my
hands in benediction upon a beloved son, and
felt my heart-strings quiver with strong emo-
tion, as the pure and innocent went out to
wrestle with an ungodly world; but I am a
woman, and God has given me enough of the
maternal feeling to know something of the
misery that must come to a mother when a
dear child falls from his integrity.

Oh, for the power to break up these places
of sin and shame that drag so many wretched
souls to perdition!

Is there not wondrous efficacy in prayer?
Do not we who are God's children believe it?
—then why are we not upon our knees, be-
seeing Him who pities us, to keep our dear
ones from the wiles of the tempter, and so to
lead them by His grace that they shall finally
attain to his everlasting blessedness?

F. B. S.

PRAYING MOTHERS.

(FROM "Five Years of Prayer and the Answers." By
Rev. S. Ireneus Prime. Published by Harper & Brothers.)

A CLERGYMAN from California related the
following incident, in connection with his own
experience and observation: As he had a
large circle of friends and acquaintances at the
East, and as it was known that he was travel-
ing to a great extent over California, he re-
ceived many letters from anxious friends,
begging him to hunt up a brother or a son,
and endeavor to bring them to Christ. Many
an earnest letter of this kind he had received.
Among the rest was one from a mother, so
urgent, so full of entreaty, that it took a deep
hold upon his heart. The letter told how she
had agonized and prayed for a son in Califor-
nia until she had lost all traces of him, and
begged of him that, on her behalf, he would
endeavor to look up the lost boy, who she fear-
ed was in the broad road to ruin, and, as he
loved souls, do all he could to save him.

Then the speaker went on to say, "I hunted
for that son a whole year. I made inquiries
for him everywhere; I determined to find him,
if possible. At last I found him in a gambling
saloon, at the card-table, deeply engaged in
play. In the midst of his game I approached
him, and told him I wished to speak with him.

We descended into the street together. I told
him how long I had been on the hunt for him,
and it was all about the salvation of his soul.
He laughed me to scorn. He assured me I
used my time and money to very poor advan-
tage in looking for him, and as he would take
good care of himself, he did not know but
thanks for all my painstaking would be super-
fluous. He said much that indicated that he
looked upon my efforts with haughty disdain
and contempt. But I had a commission to ful-
fill. So I requested him to go with me to the
temperance room and there sign the temper-
ance pledge; and then I wished him to go to
the prayer-meeting with me. He flatly refused
to do either. Stepping up close beside him, I
placed my hand upon his shoulder and said,

'Charlie, I believe you have a pious, praying mother. I am here at the request of that mother. All this long year have I sought you from place to place in obedience to a request of that mother. I have the letter in my pocket asking this of me; would you like to see it?' The young man was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment. I ran my hand into my pocket for the purpose of showing him the letter. 'Oh,' said he, 'don't show it to me; don't produce the letter. I cannot bear to see it. If any young man owes a debt of gratitude to a mother, none more than I.' I asked him again to go with me. He answered, 'Let me go back and finish my game, and then I will come and go with you.' He went back and played out his game, and good as his word, he came out and went with me. We first went to the temperance rooms, and he signed the pledge. Then we went to the prayer-meeting. The man was soon in great agony of spirit.

"To make a long story short, that young man became hopefully converted, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. He was a liberally-educated young man. He was, in process of time, chosen to be a judge of the court of the county in which he resided. He was a conscientious judge. One day he was trying a man who was indicted for gambling and similar offences—just such as he had before been guilty of. The man at the bar was a desperado, and shot the judge upon the bench. He was mortally wounded, and life was fast ebbing away. He sent immediately for me," continued the speaker; "I had just time to reach him and receive his last words. Oh, what precious words they were. 'Tell my dear mother,' said the dying young man, 'that I am dying in the assured hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Send to her a thousand thanks that she sent you that letter, and, oh, a thousand thanks to you that you so faithfully followed me up, and hunted that whole year for me. Tell my darling mother I thank her for that love which never tired, and for the prayers which were never omitted for her far-off son. I am going—going to heaven. I shall meet her there. Oh, who can value a mother's prayers? And who would complain of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, if they would give Him no rest, as did this mother—my dear, dear mother? Farewell.'

For the Advocate and Guardian.
JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

BY A BIBLE READER.

Met with a person who said he had been reviewing his life, and found it all sinful and vile; could not think of one good thing that he had ever done; and yet, according to his wife's testimony, he has been a moral man. I do hope the Holy Spirit is striving with him, he expressed a strong desire to be a Christian. I opened the Word of God and tried to show

him how ready and willing the Saviour was to receive him just as he was.

Called to see Mr. G. and was surprised to find him so much worse, it was painful to witness his sufferings. But his hope and confidence were in the Saviour; said he felt that the Lord would not leave nor forsake him now. I repeated the 23d Psalm and other precious texts from the Word of God, and after offering prayer was obliged to leave him, to attend our female prayer-meeting. There we carried him again in prayer to God, asking Him to be with His servant as he passed through the valley of the shadow of death. After the meeting I returned to him again, and tried to relieve his heart-broken wife by ministering to his wants as far as I could. Procured a watcher for the night, and left, not expecting to see him again in the flesh, but he lingered through another day of suffering and then, we trust, went to be "forever with the Lord."

Was much gratified and greatly encouraged by the attendance at the mission last evening. I recognized quite a number who a few months since were living in the neglect of the means of grace, but are now regular attendants upon the worship of God.

Had a very serious talk to-day with a back-slader and her unconverted husband. The wife confessed her wanderings and with tears promised to return to God; said she had been very unhappy. Her husband, too, listened to the expostulations with apparent interest and promised to attend our meeting at the mission.

This being the day of our meeting on — St., I thought of the injunction in the parable, where the master of the feast sent out his servants at supper-time to compel the people to come in, that his house might be full. Accordingly I started about an hour before the time, and visited the families in that immediate neighborhood, entreating them to come in. One poor woman said she would like to come, but, having an infant and another child about three years of age, with no one to leave them with, "she could not come." When told that she might bring them both with her, she said she would come, and did so. As the result of that effort, three mothers were added to our number. O may they be led to give their hearts to the dear Saviour and be enabled by His grace to train up their little ones "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

I am very, very weary to-night, but so thankful and happy that I cannot find words to express my joy. Another precious soul, I trust, has been born again, made a new creature in Christ Jesus—to Him be all the glory. Mr. S., for whose conversion earnest prayer has been offered at all our little meetings for the last two or three weeks, has, as we have reason to believe, given his heart to the Saviour and last Friday night erected the family altar. His family were melted to tears and one of his daughters told me to-day that she was determined to seek in earnest the salvation of her soul.

Spent nearly eight hours in my district to-day; my visits were kindly received. I am more and more convinced that this method of going from house to house with the little tract and the Word of God is the only way to reach the masses of the poor, who will not, unless they are sought out, go to any place of worship. I am sometimes surprised to find how easily they are persuaded to attend our little meetings, although according to their own confession, many of them have been living for years in the total neglect of the means of grace.

4th. A very aged disciple of Christ, who attended and enjoyed our last meeting very much, not being able to meet with us to-day in consequence of extreme debility, I called upon her. Her eldest son is a great trial to her, being intemperate. She says her pastor has given him up as a complete wreck. But I cannot feel so, I do not believe that mother's prayers will be lost. I presented his case at our little meeting for special prayer.

6th. Called again upon the aged mother mentioned above and had some conversation with the son. He promised never again to take the intoxicating cup. May he be strengthened to keep his pledge.

15th. Went again to see the above family. The son continued firm in his purpose of reformation. Said he was constantly using that little prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," for Christ's sake.

22d. Mr. F., the son spoken of above, attended divine service at the chapel last evening. It is pleasant to be able to record these successive steps forward.

Called for and accompanied Mrs. C. to our prayer-meeting in the chapel. She went with me last week, but was then partially intoxicated and wore a very dirty dress. Yesterday she washed her dress, and when I called she was clean and sober, and as I entered, said, "I was expecting you to call for me."

After meeting, as I was leaving the chapel, Miss B. came to me, saying, "I have something to tell you, I have given my heart to the Saviour." This was indeed good news and my heart rejoiced greatly. I have labored with the family of which she is a member since last May, sometimes feeling almost discouraged, at other times hopeful. They attended the chapel services very irregularly until about the middle of last month. Since then A., accompanied by one or two others of the family, has attended nearly every service. And now she is rejoicing in Christ.

Last Friday, when I called to see Mrs. S., she was thinking seriously of separating from her husband because of his intemperance. I urged her to bear with him a little longer, and carry his case to God in earnest prayer and persuade him, if possible, to attend our meetings. Also invited her to attend our little female prayer-meetings, promising to unite our petitions with hers for his conversion. Last evening he was at the mission with his wife.

Called to see her to-day. She says he has promised to sign the temperance pledge, which makes her quite hopeful.

On entering the room of an aged disciple in deep poverty, but "rich in faith," and placing upon the table some articles of food a kind friend had given me for her, she lifted her hands and raising her eyes toward heaven, exclaimed, "The Lord has sent it, His mercies are innumerable," and much more of a similar import. I sat down upon an old trunk and read the 90th and 91st Psalms, and then offered prayer with her. I could not help thinking if those whom God has blessed with an abundance of the good things of this world, could witness the gratitude of the poor for some such small gift, they would oftener send, or better still, go themselves to these humble abodes and minister to Christ in the persons of His disciples.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE SPIRIT OF CHARITY.

An appeal was made for the benefit of a noble Christian Institution, where aged, weary pilgrims and little orphan children are gathered in and made to feel the comfort and blessing of the word *home*.

"I would," said the earnest speaker, "that you could all fully realize the great joy of giving!—not the simple pleasure which a man experiences as he draws from his well-filled purse his roll of bills, and with a liberal hand which feels not the diminution of his store, lays a goodly portion on the plate. Not the self-complacency that says to itself as the golden coin drops into the treasury of the Lord, 'I have done a good deed, I have purchased to myself so much of heaven,'—but that deep earnest love toward God and man, which must needs express itself in outward ministrations of gentleness and mercy, and which in the very act of feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and binding up the broken hearts, feels itself thrice blessed.

If this spirit is in a man it magnifies the mite beyond the value of the greatest earthly offering. A proud man who possesses not the spirit of charity, refuses to give because of the smallness of the means which he can spare.

God required of the Jews for their trespass offering, if they had not a lamb or a kid or a goat, two turtle-doves, or two young pigeons, and if they were not able to bring these, a little fine flour. Have we not all been unjust toward our fellow-men? Is there no suffering brother whom we have defrauded, by withholding a needful charity! Let us then, each one of us, bring his trespass-offering, according to our several ability, 'Not grudgingly, nor of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.'

The plates were then passed around, and returned upheaped with gifts, and of one offering I am sure the Lord took note, for as I shook hands with the donor, as we were leaving the sanctuary, she said, with her very

heart in her voice, "How I did wish I had a lamb to put upon the plate instead of only a little fine flour!"

F. B. S.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

WHAT A MOTHER SAID TO HER BOY.

"You cannot estimate the power of a mother's influence over boys;" said a gentleman to me last evening. And then he told me that when he was a boy going from home to school, and had said good-by to all the family, his mother followed him into the entry, and putting her hand on his head, said;

"Never do anything which shall make you unwilling to let me hear of or from you."

What she meant he could not imagine. Instead of having a gay time in the stage with the boys as he had anticipated, he was continually thinking, "What did she mean? has she heard anything that troubles her?" He was a wild boy, fond of play and fun, and if any mischief was going on he was usually in it. He could not forget the parting words; they followed him everywhere, and often when he was tempted to wrong-doing they turned him back. He has not forgotten those words yet, although he is no longer young; and their influence remains as it was when they were uttered. They have molded his whole life, and I do not suppose that even in his business transactions he would do that which it would make him ashamed to have his mother hear from or of him.

This boy was the eldest of five sons. When he was fifteen his mother died. On her deathbed she one day called him to her and said;

"I do not wish you to make me a promise, for boys often do not realize what a promise is; but if I could only feel that you and your brothers would never use tobacco in any form, I should die happier."

John said to his mother, "I am old enough to make a promise and to keep it, and I now promise you that I will never smoke one whiff of tobacco nor chew one quid."

As his brothers grew older he reminded them of this wish of their mother, and told them he should not dare disregard it. The five boys grew to be men; they engaged in business, and in business which carried some of them all over the country and threw them into all sorts of society, but not one of them ever forgot this wish of their mother. Not one of them ever smoked one whiff, or chewed one quid.

There is so much to encourage mothers in the molding influence of this mother who left her five sons motherless in their childhood, that it should cheer the many hours of anxiety which too often cloud our happiness when we think of the loved ones we have launched on the ocean of life. We see something of the dangers that assail them, and our hearts ache and tremble; but our Father can watch over them wherever they are, and He can bless whatever in our weakness and imperfection we may have done for them.

ANNA HOPE.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

RAY'S MENTAL HYGIENE.

SOMEBODY once spent a good deal of time writing directions as to the best way to live and eat and drink and sleep and study and work, so as to keep body and mind and soul in the best possible condition. And many of those who saw these things in a religious paper said, "What use? we want religious instruction and help for our souls. Our bodies will do well enough. Anybody knows how to live, and it is making these outward things of too much importance."

Dr. Ray* would say that such people were mistaken. He has been for many years at the head of a large Retreat for the Insane, and the course of his studies has led him to observe very closely the connection of mind and body, and the dependence of one upon the other. He tells us that the health of the mind and the right state of the soul depend upon the health of the body, and therefore proper attention to this point is of the utmost importance.

Dr. Ray is a man singularly free from hobbies and isms, and takes a calm, clear view of the whole subject.

His remarks upon the subjects of food, drink, stimulants, work, rest, sleep, reading, recreation, study, discipline, self-discipline and the training of children are worth the consideration of all: not only those who have to do with any case where there is a tendency or pre-disposition to insanity, but all who wish to keep a "sound mind in a sound body."

All the skill in the world can not draw music from a cracked and tuneless instrument, and such many of us become unless we learn to take proper and wise care of ourselves. It will not do to trust to instinct in the management of a steam-engine or a cotton-mill. The body is a much more complicated piece of machinery, and quite as easily put out of order.

* Mental Hygiene, by J. Ray, M.D.

THE RAILROAD SWITCH.—Passing along the railways of city and country, it is a common thing to see the turnouts from the main track called "switches." How readily and gradually the massive car moves off in a different direction when the lever turns the path. It is thus with human destiny. All along the moral pathways of men lie the diverging lines from the straight one of duty. Every day we see the richly freighted car of existence yielding to the pressure of temptation gently laid upon the will. With scarcely perceptible deviation from the lines of right and purity, the young and lovely go from it on every hand to return no more.

Young man and maiden, beware of that "little sin," that shining folly, that simple delay to repent and believe; for you will soon see and feel that the hand of the arch-fiend was on that lever which turned your course away from God and heaven, and unless you hasten back, you are lost forever.—*American Messenger*.

BEGIN ARIGHT.—If you are about to do a piece of work, you will be careful to begin it right; otherwise you will have to take it in pieces and do it over again. If you are going on a journey you will be careful at first to get into the right road. The way to begin life aright is first of all to seek God, for "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

ASHAMED OF JESUS.

KITTY's father lived by the village church, in the parsonage. One side of the house looked out on the bright grass of the church yard, with the gleaming of tomb-stones through the trees, the other side sunny and cheerful, faced the garden, gay with flowers, and two busy bee-hives.

The house looked rather worn and shabby within, as if many feet had passed over the threshold, and rested in the old-fashioned rooms. Kitty's mother was sitting in the piazza talking to a poor woman, in trouble, when the voices of children were heard. Kitty had been allowed to invite a little friend to drink tea, and spend the night at her home. They stopped at the door of the study, where the evening sun was lighting up dingy old books on the walls. There was nothing here to amuse a stranger-child, only an old desk with scattered papers and quill pens, a well-filled inkstand, and the Bible always open. "There is a skeleton," said Kitty, pointing to a sheet of paper on the floor, with sentences scattered here and there.

"A skeleton!" screamed the visitor, in horror.

"Oh, you silly child," said Kitty, with a wise air, "father makes skeletons for his sermons every week."

Kitty's friend did not care to linger long in this place, so they went to a little room fitted up with a white bed, and a low chair by the window, where the child kept her own books on shelves, and a tiny work-basket. Then the children visited the parlor, that Kitty might show the choicest possessions of the household, and her best toys. A few portraits in old frames, a hair-cloth sofa, and a few chairs, the rocking-chair covered with a tidy made by a young lady friend, Kitty had always admired very much, but the little guest saw nothing beautiful. The flowers were rare, and grouped with skill, in simple vases.

Gertrude proposed that they should visit the church-yard. As they were passing the church, the sexton opened the door to toll the bell for a funeral. The little girls ran softly up the dark aisle to the pulpit which they entered, feeling the mysterious awe of those who come very near the Holy of Holies.

From the mossy old stones, the children were summoned to tea. Gertrude did not feel entirely at ease, when Kitty's father seated himself at the table, and said a few words of prayer to that One who has bidden us, whether we eat or drink, do all to His glory. After tea, Gertrude saw with amazement that Kitty gave her father a large Bible, from which he read pleasant words of the Lord Jesus. Kitty sat, with downcast

eyes, this evening, not listening to the blessed verses. Gertrude was evidently unused to family prayers, and would wonder at the fashion of the minister's household. So Kitty looked on the floor, her cheeks burning with confusion, her soft eyes tearful, while feelings of shame filled her heart that her little friend should hear her father's usual reading and prayer. Was Kitty ashamed of the Lord Jesus Christ her Saviour?

When the two friends were undressing in Kitty's room, Gertrude said: "Is your father rich, Kitty?" then Kitty blushed again as she answered, "No, I think he is poor," for she remembered troubled looks sometimes on her father's face, which she was sure were occasioned by the want of money.

"Your house isn't very handsome," remarked the visitor. The doors were open, so that the children could hear the old clock ticking, and the gentle voice of Kitty's mother singing something about Christ and Heaven.

In the morning, the prayer-time came again, then Kitty's father carried the girls to school in his chaise, entering into all their plans with so much interest that Gertrude was not in the least afraid.

"We don't have prayers at our house," whispered Gertrude, before school began. Then Kitty wished in her heart, that her father and mother would not be so particular about this daily worship. Kitty was ashamed to confess Jesus Christ before men.

Gertrude's father lived in a handsome house, with fine pleasure-grounds. There was a conservatory opening from the parlor, a fountain playing in the flower-garden. Kitty was invited, in a few weeks, to return her friend's visit.

As the children entered the hall, with its marble floor, and carved stair-case, envious thoughts arose in Kitty's heart. Gertrude volunteered to show Kitty the house. At the door of the billiard-room, they paused a moment, with a dreadful oath a man knocked a ball too far.

"Come," said Gertrude, pulling her guest away, afraid that Kitty would hear her father swear again. They went up-stairs together; a lady stood at the door of an elegant room, "Who is that child?" she asked sharply. Gertrude explained in a whisper. Through the door of the dressing-room, Gertrude heard her sister scolding the maid for not bringing her dress sooner. There seemed to be no quiet place in the splendid house. Gertrude and Kitty stole out to the trees, here a lame child was lying on a shawl, amusing himself with a book. The three children played until dusk, then the house was lighted, and ready for a gay party. To the nursery the little ones crept quietly, listening to the servants' quarrels below, and a great confusion of voices in the drawing-room. "I wish we had prayers in our house," whispered Gertrude, before they slept. Kitty was old enough to see that people may be very unhappy in a luxurious

house, she longed to return to the old parsonage, with its quiet ways, and hear her father's loving prayer. Ashamed of Jesus Christ! Kitty felt, with deep sorrow, her exceeding sinfulness, in being ashamed of this blessed prayer-time.

The child went away from the grand house well-pleased that she belonged to those who were rich in faith, although their furniture was mean and old, resolving never again to be ashamed of her Heavenly Friend.

Will Kitty be ashamed of her Saviour at the last day, when He gathers His saints to be with Him in glory everlasting? Then she will praise His name forever, that He preserved her from many perils in the safe nurture of the pastor's household.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE OLD BLACK MAN.

A LADY, in her visits among the poor one day, entered a dark, dismal-looking room, where two old colored people lived. The woman was all bowed together with infirmity, but she was a child of God, and was patiently waiting a call to her heavenly home, "where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." But her husband had no such hope. Old, feeble and destitute of every earthly good, he had no comfort in this life, and no joy in prospect for the future.

"I want you to pray for him, missus," said the poor old woman, while the tears ran down her cheeks, "that the Lord may turn his heart. It's pretty hard, arter all the trouble we've had in this world, for him to suffer forever and forever in the other."

They were just going to pray; the old woman had covered her face with her crooked, withered fingers, and the lady was about to bend her knees, when a hurried, shuffling step was heard, and the old man himself entered the room, panting and almost choking with excitement.

"What is the matter, my friend?" said the visitor with real concern. "What has happened?"

"I'm mad," says he, "mad"—muttering between his half-closed lips.

"Mad? Angry, you mean. But don't be angry. Calm yourself down, and do tell us what has happened."

The old man looked stealthily up, and saw there was nothing but sympathy and benevolence on the stranger's face. He hesitated a little, but assured from her looks and manner that he had nothing to fear, he at last spoke.

"I was hungry, missus—starving to death—my old woman and me. We had no breakfast to-day, and only a crust of bread and a sup of water yesterday, and my old bones ached for something to eat. And I went out and saw a plenty in the stores and the houses, and the women's baskets were

full and the children's hands, and I couldn't have nothing, and I was mad 'cause God didn't give me something too. He cares for other folks 'cause they's white I s'pose, but He don't care a fig for us, poor, old, black creatures. 'Tis too bad. What did He make us for, just to cry and starve? Then the boys they came along, a hooting after me, and calling, 'Old nigger' with their dirty tongues, and I couldn't bar that no how, and I was mader than afore, and I cursed and swore, and prayed almighty God to scorch 'em in fire forever" —

"Oh, stop, stop," said the lady, "that is too dreadful. I wish you'd let me tell you what Jesus Christ would have done; yes, what He did when He was treated in just such a shameful, cruel way; even when His enemies were taking His very life. He prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

"Oh, I couldn't do that no how," gasped the old man.

"But if we would have Jesus for our friend, to take our part and help us when we are in trouble, we must have this same spirit." And taking her little Testament out of her pocket, the lady read, "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

Oh, little children, isn't it sad to think that any boy or girl can be so heartless and wicked as to abuse a poor old black man, and despise him just for the color of his skin. I hope none of you will ever be guilty of such a great wrong. Does not God love and pity them just as much as He does you? He saw everything that He had made; and behold, it was very good, the Bible says. Do you suppose God made a mistake when He created some people with a dark skin? Do you think He turned around and despised them? No indeed; He "has made of one blood all the nations of the earth;" and, "in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him." My dear children, I hope you will always pity those who have a darker skin than yourself, and do everything you can to help them forget the reproach which has been cast upon them.

The poor old black man was quite moved as the lady read those words, and when she had finished, he said,

"Well, that's very nice, to be sure, if we only could; but somehow it comes mighty hard."

"But I have something else to tell you," said the kind lady, who pitied the poor, old man in his distress. "If you will go to your Heavenly Father, when you want bread, and ask Him for it, I am sure He will give it to you, and you will not have your feelings so

tried as you have had them this morning, by the hard-hearted, selfish people outside. God owns everything, and He has said, "Ask and it shall be given thee."

He looked up into the speaker's face with wonder. "I reckon," said he, "I shouldn't get much if I didn't go after it."

"Well, let us try it for once," remarked the lady, "I was just going to kneel down with your good wife, to ask God to give you the things you so much need. Will you not kneel and pray with me?"

"Dear missus, I don't know how to pray. I never prayed in my life. Maybe God might hear you, but he wouldn't hear me nohow. I'll go off, and you and the old woman can pray;" and so saying, he rose and lifted the latch to go out

"No, no, stay with us," earnestly exclaimed the lady. God is kinder to you than you think; and he will not only give you blessings for your body, but for your soul too. He has said so"—and the little Testament was opened again, while she read all through those precious words of Jesus, beginning: "Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life what you shall eat; neither for the body what you shall put on."

The old man stood still with his hand upon the latch and listened.

"Come now," urged the lady, "be persuaded, and kneel with me while I pray."

He closed the door, and turning with a trembling step back into the apartment, knelt by her side, while she poured out her soul in a brief but fervent supplication to heaven, in words suited to the comprehension and the needs of her listeners; and they wept together before the Mercy-seat.

When they rose the old man was the first to speak.

"Specs He couldn't help hearing that; and I do hope the good God will forgive my mad, but I tell you I'm afraid a'most to go out again lest I swear some more. God help me."

"He will help you if you look to him," replied the lady, "and I want you to see that He has already helped you in one thing. See, here is some money which one of His own children gave me to-day to buy bread for the hungry. I shall give you a part of it, and you can go out and buy some bread and some tea for your wife, and I will see that you have coal, so that you shan't be cold all winter."

The old man's face brightened up with a look of relief as he took the money.

"I know you folks come round to pray with us poor creatures, but I never cared for the prayers, 'cause prayers don't feed us or warm us—but now I see. Well, I specs I shall think more of what you've said now, and I won't mind the saucy boys no more, if I can help it. *I'll turn 'em over to the Lord to take care of.*"

Children, what do you think the Lord will do with them?

H. E. B.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too:
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake.
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is Divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine:
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold.
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too:
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Dublin University Magazine.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

OUR OWN FAULT.

WE are hardly aware how many customs and traditions have come down to us from old monkish times, for which, perhaps no good reason could now be rendered, and from which now and then some peculiarly energetic spirit breaks away. Such was the custom in some of our colleges of "early prayers," which being made compulsory as to attendance, made many students hate the very name of prayer, connected as it was with the cold, dim chapel, before light of a winter's morning, after breasting sleet and storm to reach the place. Happily the custom is abolished, and prayers are held at a later hour, when there is not so much penance involved in the attendance. With the old monkish idea of merit in suffering, and penance in prayer, the whole system should have fallen.

There is another notion which seems to have come from the same source, and which the light of these times ought to dissipate. In a late book on the times of the Reformation, giving a history of the fearful struggles of Luther and of other souls out of the trammels of Romanism, there is a sentiment like this, written by a nun.

"Having secluded ourselves from all the joys and sorrows and vicissitudes of common life, we seem scarcely to have left anything in God's laws wherewith to try our faith and subdue our wills to His, except sickness. Be-

reavements we can never know, who have weaned ourselves of all companionship with our beloved forevermore on earth. Nor can we know the trials either of poverty or of prosperity since we can never experience either. Sickness only remains beyond our control, and therefore when I see any of the sisterhood laid on the bed of suffering I think: 'God has laid thee there,' and I feel more sure that it is the right thing."

This notion was not peculiar to the poor nun, but is that of many people to this day, who have brains and consciences and who in most cases can trace the connection between cause and effect. In ignorance it may be, and yet in fact they will violate the laws of their being, which are the laws of God, and then when sickness comes, "bow in submission to the dispensations of Providence." Or they will, for their children, neglect the plainest rules of health, and when those children are ill and die, again they "submit to the wise and inscrutable Providence."

The poor nuns but did as they were taught by the superstition with which their religion was overlaid, and in obedience to that, taxed nature beyond endurance by fasts and vigils, want of sleep and self-torture. We have not even this excuse.

And we have wiser teachings in our day, as for instance in the following brief extract from a work on "Mental Hygiene" by Dr. Ray of Rhode Island, Chief of an Institution for the Insane. In studying the causes of insanity, he is led to many general conclusions as to the connection between the health of the body and the health of the mind. The book is worth studying by fathers and mothers, ministers and laymen. Dr. Ray says: "I do not mean that a fever or an influenza, a hemorrhage, or a broken bone may be always avoided by any practical degree of prudence or forecast; and yet it can scarcely be questioned that a very large proportion of our bodily ailments proceed from ignorance or imprudence, or sinful folly."

Whoso is wise let him understand. v.

FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE ARMY.

Baton Rouge, Feb. 11, 1864.

* * * * * Enclosed you will please find an order upon Mr. Van Wagoner, who will pay you for the Society the amount specified, as a small offering for your blessed work. My life in the army has been a busy one, and the first year an eventful one. I continued with my regiment through Gen. Banks' eventful campaign, terminating at Port Hudson, and after that until the 18th of September, when I was detached and assigned to duty as Post Chaplain at this point.

Through the exposures, hardships, and dangers of an active and long campaign, my life has been mercifully spared, and I am permitted to labor in a wide and most inviting field. Many of the regiments at this point have no chaplain, and having been stationed here for several months, there has been op-

portunity for regular services in their camps and in churches in the city, to which all have been invited. My services are held in the Presbyterian church, including preaching in the morning (10 1-2 o'clock) prayer-meetings on Sabbath and Friday evenings. When the weather is pleasant, I usually have one or more short services in the camp in the open air. Our meetings are well attended, and prayer-meetings full and solemn. Last Sunday evening there were about 400 present nearly filling the church, and we felt that God was with us by His Spirit. It was a beautiful sight, four hundred officers and soldiers. Many a brave soldier, who had passed through fearful scenes on the battle-field and in the hospitals, testified of the preciousness of his hope in Christ. The prodigal son with sorrow and tears confessed his past unfruitfulness, desiring the prayers of Christians, that the future might find him a faithful soldier of the cross.

There is an interesting work among the freedmen. Schools have started spontaneously. We hope soon to inaugurate a system of schools, conducted by northern teachers and missionaries on their way here. Your paper reaches me regularly. I have found it among the soldiers, sent by their friends home and I love to see its pages. Pray for us in our work, while we delight to remember yours in our approaches to the Throne of grace.

I am your affectionate friend and brother,

L. M. BIRGE.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1864.

GRATITUDE.

THERE are numerous institutions in our midst, making their mark upon the page of history that but a few years since had scarce a local habitation or a name. We have only to go back into the last century to find on the records of our country, a period when the Sabbath-school, the work of missions and numerous kindred efforts, were things yet to be. Our oldest Orphan Asylums have not yet numbered a hundred years. Homes for the Friendless, Industrial and Mission schools are of still later origin. That each and all of these have contemplated the good of humanity, the rescue of the perishing, is abundantly proved. To those laying, in faith and prayer, the foundation stones, doing the first hard work, necessary to the support of the superstructure, as they have thought of the many to be benefitted, doubtless the suggestion came sometimes unbidden, "Gratitude will doubtless fill some hearts for this work, when the earliest agents in its promotion have gone hence."

A few years since foster-parents and adopted children were few and far between. Now they may be found in every community, and the relation is recognized as one of deep and tender interest. So general has the question of duty in this regard become among heads of Christian families—with large homes and hearts, and small households—that a party of this class may scarce be found who have not agitated the question of personal obligation.

"Ought I to become a foster-parent? Does my Heavenly Father call me to this service? Might I expect grace to help so that I should fully obey the precept, 'Take this child and train it for me?'

"Would gratitude be evinced by the child of homelessness and want, should I take it as one of my own, giving to it in health parental love, and toil, and care; in sickness, anxious days and sleepless nights?" Such are some of the earnest inquiries that are revolved in the minds of many who may but a little while be stewards. Of these inquiries the first are primary, the latter but secondary. Let the former be so settled that the Master will smile approvingly, and the latter may be left without solicitude.

We have before us a letter recently received from a bereaved foster-child, an extract from which may be suggestive. The writer says: * * * "I have lost my dearest earthly friend, my beloved mother, and yet she was my mother only by adoption. But, oh! how truly did she discharge her trust. She took me, a little, homeless orphan, to her heart, and watched over and cared for me, as only a true mother could ever do. I feel that she merits from me double the gratitude that would be due from an own child. For when an own mother leads her children in the way they should go, she does only what is expected from all Christian mothers. But when one takes a little stranger to rear, and educate, and care for as she cared for me, it seems to me a deed that angels might smile upon. Never—no, never can I forget her love and care, and never will I cease to praise God for giving me such a friend. How deeply do I feel my bereavement! She feared and loved God with her whole soul, was a benefactor to His poor, and well I know that she is now in the mansions of the blest. She had been a member of the Lutheran church for over forty years. She died at the age of 60. Our house is one of mourning, but we strive not to murmur."

Such is the simple testimony of one foster-child. If all adopted mothers may leave a

similar record inscribed on the hearts of foster-children, surely their labor will not have been in vain in the Lord.

RIGHT AT LAST.

WE are glad to see that, at last, the vexed question of raffling, etc., at the Sanitary Fair is amicably settled, all agreeing to abandon a practice justly regarded as illegal and fruitful of mischief. As we have watched the progress of the newspaper discussions of this subject, it has been a source of satisfaction that in our Home Fairs, the principles and practice adopted from the first, have been such as to command approval instead of censure and such as are henceforth to become the rule, throughout the wide sphere of Christian philanthropy.

The Sanitary Fair in this city, just at hand, now enlists the best wishes of every loyal heart. The people have a mind to the work, and if it does not, like Brooklyn, secure above half a million for the use of the Commission, it will be owing to the fact that the cities are so nearly allied, and to precedence in point of time.

THE MURDERER AND HIS FAMILY.

SOME ten years since a youthful pair, members of Rev. Mr. B——'s church in — street, commenced domestic life with more pleasant surroundings and prospects, than usually fall to the lot of those depending mainly upon their own well-directed efforts. Both had worthy friends, interested in their welfare, who anticipated for them a brightening future. The first years of their married life were prosperous, and unmarred by wrong-doing. Neatness, order, and comfort were in their apartments, and had some seer predicted the change that sin and crime would bring over them, blighting all they held dear, each wculd have exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Time passed on, and at length a secret foe found lodgment beneath their roof. They dreamed not of its stealthy ravages, till both became its willing victims.

Soon their Christian profession was laid aside, and step by step down, far down they plunged into the vortex of intemperance. The fearfully-wretched career of the wife and mother, made the husband yet more reckless, and a few weeks since, in a moment of passion he took the life of a fellow-man. Presently he was arrested, and placed in a prison cell, where he now awaits his trial. Some friends of their better days, learning the sad condition of his family, sought to aid, en-

courage, and if possible, rescue them from their deplorable surroundings, but without avail.

A late House Committee's report, under date of Feb. 27th thus alludes to their sad case.

Feb. 27th.—Three worse than orphan children were brought to the Home to-day, between the ages of three and ten years; unwashed, uncombed, half-clad, looking utterly forlorn and wretched. Soon soap, water, and other appliances, with clean clothing, made a wondrous transformation. The little sisters exchanged looks of gladness, and the prattling brother, who was seen a day or two since, reeling near broken mahogany, and lisping in the ear of his unconscious mother, "I'se drunk, too,"—looked now as though he might soon be taught to sing,

"Oh, save the little children of poverty and crime."

Poor children! once and again when the mother had become stupefied from the intoxicating cup, it was left within their reach, and hungry, thirsty and ignorant of consequences, what was there to keep it from their lips? We learned that the eldest had often been seen upon the streets late in the evening, sent out to pawn the clothing indispensable to their comfort, for the "fire-water."

The necessity for taking these little ones from such influences was pressing, and the visitors after vainly using the most earnest efforts in other directions, as a last resort sought their father in the cell of the murderer in the Tombs, who as he had not yet had his trial, could execute the legal papers for their commitment to the Home.

This he did gladly, saying it was a great relief to have his children cared for, at the same time speaking bitterly of the wrong-doing of the mother. When reminded of his own sins, he was silent, and we could but look with pity upon the self-condemned criminal.

The poor children have been rescued, not only from cold, hunger, and nakedness, but the sight and sound of dark deeds and words, from physical and moral dangers tending to destroy both body and soul. Thanks to the Father of the fatherless that His good providence has provided a Home where their wants may be supplied."

Could we present to the eye of the reader, as we have seen it with our own, a true picture of this sad case, surely it would affect the heart. And yet it is but one of many, similar in kind, if not equally aggravated. It illustrates truthfully the "views behind the scenes" that from week to week appeal to

the Home managers, and call with trumpet-tongue for united Christian effort, not only in saving the children, but staying the ravages of the destroyer.

SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

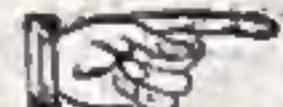
THE children of our soldiers, made homeless or orphaned by this cruel war, have strong claims upon our sympathies, to which all hearts readily respond. We were somewhat surprised to notice recently in a New York daily this statement: "The places of shelter for these children are few; in fact there are but two or three in the city, and each is capable of accommodating but a limited number. * * * There are a thousand children in this city now, whose fathers have been or are now at the war, who are knocking in vain at the doors of the soldiers' child's refuge for admittance. They cannot enter, for there is no room for them."

If this is indeed so, we earnestly request the benevolent who may know of their destitution to bring them or direct them to the Home for the Friendless. This institution has been specially blessed by Divine Providence with present means to shelter, or otherwise provide for large numbers of such children as are designated by its charter, among whom may certainly be classed destitute soldiers' children seeking its aid. None who come to its doors will knock in vain for admittance, if on due investigation, they are found needing its charities. From the beginning of the war soldiers' children have found its doors ever open, and they will surely remain thus to its close, and no hearts beat more warmly toward these bereaved ones, than those who wait there to receive and cherish them, in their orphanage and homelessness. From several among our sixty "Home boys" in the army, donations are frequently received that are shared by the soldiers' orphans, and tokens are not wanting all abroad, that a grateful people would not have these dear children neglected, or in any way left to suffer for the care that society, and its existing institutions should ever bestow.

The Home-fold is open by night and by day,
No child of a soldier is e'er turned away;
When its rooms overflow kind patrons provide
A place in the dear homes o'er which they preside.

The children of soldiers, O ne'er be it said
"A thousand are seeking in vain" to be fed!
Are knocking for shelter, but must be denied,
In a land for whose safety their fathers have died.

A people who pour out their treasures like rain,
To succor the soldier in sorrow and pain,
From his offspring, bereaved, will ne'er turn away,
But the debt that they owe them most cheerfully
pay.

 A day or two since, a line was received at the Home from a most worthy family, possessing large means and large hearts, requesting that *four* children be sent them for adoption, one an infant, the others from three to eight years of age. Has not the time come when the hearts of the fathers are being turned to the children?

Our Book Table.

Temperance Tales; with a Prefatory sketch of their Origin and History. By LUCIUS M. SARGENT. Boston: Am. Tract Society. New York: J. G. Broughton.

Vols. III. and IV. of the series have reached us, and met a warm welcome. We know they have done good in the past, we are sure they will do so in the future. Let seed like this be spread broadcast, the more the better.

Black and White; or the Heart, not the Face. By MRS. JANE D. CHAPLIN. Same publishers.

The story of Juno, a slave, who escaped with her free husband to New York. The narrative of their joys and trials, and the good done by them in their humble but effectual way, is exceedingly interesting.

Home Stories for Boys and Girls.

Pictures and Lessons for Little Readers.

Two beautiful books for children, rich gems for the nursery, valuable helps to the Christian mother.

The Medicine Shelf. Same publishers.

The author of this book in her aim to develop the true Christian idea of temperance has succeeded well. The volume is a grouping of pertinent facts, and deserves a wide circulation. We could wish it placed in every family throughout the wide world. Those about to commence housekeeping, would do well to class it in their first inventory of books purchased.

Reposing in Jesus; or, The True Secret of Grace and Strength. By G. W. MYLNE. Author of "Thoughts for Spare Moments at Sea."

This with the other attractive volumes above noticed, published by the Am. Tract Society, Boston, can be obtained of J. G. Broughton, Bible House, New York.

American History, by JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with numerous maps and engravings.

Vol. IV. Northern Colonies. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. This is one of a series to be completed in twelve volumes, 18mo. Each volume complete in itself.

Milton's Paradise Lost. New York: Frank H. Dodd.

A neat pocket edition of this standard poem, which the publisher proposes to follow with a series of select works of favorite standard authors, issued in a uniform style.

Mountain Gems. By REV. JOHN TODD, D. D. Four volumes. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

The name of the author of these juvenile stories is a guarantee that they are both interesting and instructive. No line has ever appeared from his prolific pen, "that, dying, he might wish to blot." Let these books find a place in every S. S. library.

The Whip, Hoe and Sword; or, The Gulf Department in '63. By REV. G. H. HEPWORTH. A good book for the times.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

It is related of a young soldier in one of our Western hospitals, being at the point of death, that he addressed a chaplain in the following solemn words: "I am in the dark—talk to me about my soul." A young lady, in view of the same event, exclaimed in rapturous joy: "I see a light; I am near at home."

The former had grown up in ignorance and sin. In the trying hour of death he was greatly alarmed. The grave opened to him its portals with mingled gloom and deep despair. He had no ray beaming from the sun of righteousness to guide and cheer his agonized soul, that his body would rest in hope of a glorious immortality.

The latter had received a knowledge of the Bible. Its sacred truths had been deeply impressed upon her tender heart in early life through the Spirit of God. She yielded to its sanctifying influences and she became a sincere follower of the Lord. When sickness came upon her and she gradually drew near the gates of death without murmuring at the dealings of God with her, she was sweetly resigned to His will. By the eye of faith she could look into the eternal world and realize that heaven was her home. There her Saviour had gone before her and prepared mansions of rest for his people. He was now drawing near to take her ransomed spirit to dwell with Him forever. The pleasures and the amusements of earth had no attractions to detain her here. She could bid adieu to loved ones, hoping through divine grace, to meet them again where separation was unknown—where there was no sickness, pain and death, but peace and ecstatic joy forevermore.

Is the contrast too striking between ignorance and light—divine light? Then go, ye friends of love and charity, advocate the cause of virtue, morality, intelligence and holiness, throw a guardian shield around the homeless, friendless, neglected children of our great

metropolis to help in rearing up for usefulness a generation of holy men and women in this world.

"Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace."

T. L.
Malden, N. Y.

HOUSE COMMITTEE'S REPORT FOR JANUAR Y.

OWING to the illness of some of the House Committee, and the multiplied occupation of others, we regret to be compelled to offer a short and hasty synopsis for the more detailed account of our work, which we are wont to place before our readers. Our Board of Managers, who well know how easily a person may be too busily engaged in working, to have time to write about it, will, we hope, readily accept our apology, and excuse our meagre report.

Jan. 3d. Not even the Sabbath was free from the tale of sorrow and of want, and the doors of our institution were this day opened to receive a German Protestant who had been turned away from her place, and was wandering in our streets, friendless and a stranger when directed to the shelter of the Home. She was received and her wants supplied till a situation was found for her, where we trust she will be able to give satisfaction.

Jan. 10th. Our work goes on like the waves of the sea, one succeeding another, ever changing, yet the same. A young woman, just recovering from sickness, but not ill enough to be longer retained among the inmates of the hospital, found herself worse off than when more decided illness gave her a claim to its shelter and care, till she was directed to our institution, where so many of a similar class have found the needed help. An American woman, from Philadelphia, also sought and found a temporary shelter under circumstances of equal need.

A respectable-looking widow applied for admission, with her little girl, and our sympathies were strongly elicited by her tale of sorrow, as well as by her appearance. Not only had she lost the aid and companionship of her husband by death, but in the absence of her two sons, (one of whom was in the army,) the mother's heart found too much cause for constant anxiety—anxiety such as our highly-favored land has rarely known, and which we pray the God of peace may soon cease to be felt amongst us. May the dark cloud of war soon be rolled away and many a mother's heart be gladdened by the return of her dear ones. And for those to whom the loved ones may return no more may heavenly mercy grant those influences of consoling grace which Heaven alone can bestow, but which can make amends for every earthly loss. When that blest time comes, we hope our poor, widowed applicant may rejoice in again embracing her absent son, for she showed a true mother's heart in the tenderness with which she clung to her little girl. A home in

New York, with \$7 a month, was offered to her if she could come to it without the child, but she preferred accepting a situation in the country with three dollars monthly for her wages and the privilege of retaining her heart's last treasure.

Jan. 12th. Emma G., a young girl of fifteen, was to-day brought to the institution by a policeman. Her case elicited special interest, and it is hoped her coming here may preserve her from influences which lead the young and thoughtless to disgrace and ruin.

The death-angel has entered our precincts and carried a little one to see his Saviour's face in glory, and know, as he could never know on earth, the love which watched over his infancy, providing for his earthly wants, and with far richer grace, making ready a home for him "eternal in the heavens."

A Canadian woman, with her little boy, took refuge with us until she could hear from her husband in Canada and be aided by him in her efforts to return to her home.

20th. We were much interested to-day in the case of a blind boy who had been sent on to be placed in the Institution for the Blind. Friends were to have met him at the depot, but by some mistake they failed to be there, and the youth was brought by the police to the Home. With eager and gratified curiosity he passed from room to room, examining the beds, and repeatedly exclaiming, "Oh! how comfortable and clean everything is." Did his nice sense of smell enable him to come to the latter conclusion? If so, we could hardly find fault, when a little while after, detecting by the same quick sense, the entrance of salt codfish into the building, he gave ready utterance to his estimation of it by the exclamation, "Ah! an institution dish."

Wed., 27th. Had a pleasant, yet saddening call from E. R., one of our own home boys, who has freely periled life for the great cause of our country and of humanity. He had been in twelve battles and had nearly fulfilled his term of three years' service; a minnie ball had wounded him in the neck and his left arm had been broken, which had disabled him from active service. While we regret his wounded condition, we rejoice to think that so many whom our walls have sheltered are now fulfilling the instructions received within them, and are "standing up for the right," even at the peril of their lives.

Received to-day from Castle Garden five children recently arrived from England. The father had rented a farm, and being unable to cultivate it with profit, found himself at last involved in debt, and unable to meet his rent, sickness—too often the painful attendant of poverty—entered his family, and his wife died, leaving an infant and eight older children. The bereaved father soon after gathered his little all together, and prepared to leave for America—the place of refuge and of hope to so many sorrowing children of toil. For reasons connected with his pecuniary difficulties,

his children were embarked in one vessel and the father himself took passage in another. During the voyage he was attacked with dysentery and died, leaving a small amount of money for his orphan children. But his creditors abroad had a claim, and the firm of B. V. & Co. were notified to arrest him on his arrival. When Mr. B. went on board the vessel he found a mightier than human power had claimed the poor man as its victim, and that the waves of the ocean were rolling over the lifeless form. Touched with deep compassion for the poor emigrant, Mr. B. waited the arrival of the vessel containing his children. They came at last and as they glanced eagerly round for the father whom they hoped to meet, learned for the first time that he had gone to the spirit-world, and they were at once strangers and orphans. They, too, had lost one of their youthful band, a merciful God had taken their little baby-sister to Himself, and we would humbly hope that His mercy had re-united mother, father and babe, by what seems to us the dividing hand of death. How rich is the grace which cheers our hearts with this precious hope—this blood-bought trust, of a re-union and a life beyond the grave! God's over-ruling providence had raised up a friend to the children in the very person who had been commissioned to arrest the father, and Mr. B.'s daughter came herself to secure the admittance of five of the orphans to the Home, a boy and four girls. The eldest boy was taken into Mr. B.'s employ and the two elder girls were located in a good boarding-house till further efforts could be made in their behalf. Oh! as we meet those heart-rending instances of life's sorrows, how eagerly does the soul look forward to the time when God shall wipe away all tears from every eye. We are perhaps tempted to forget that seed-time must precede harvest, and labor rest. May we have daily more of His Spirit whose meat it was to do His Father's will, and in His strength learn not to be weary or impatient, but continue still the work of faith and love with ever-increasing zeal.

Two touching cases of want were brought to us to-day as we passed through the hall. Two poor women sat there, patiently waiting their chance to tell their tales of need. We stopped to question one, a widow, with six children, the eldest only sixteen and unfortunately "unable to procure work." Ah! how little do we realize how much those oft-uttered words involve. How much of vain effort, of anxious, trembling hope, of crushing disappointment. God help the poor who cannot obtain work. Can we wonder a young girl of sixteen should shrink from the misery involved in those words, even though a darker ruin await her, should she listen to the tempter's voice? We turned to the aged form beside the poor widow whose tale we had just heard, and listened to the story of one who had once been the wife of a physician and in comfortable circumstances. Now the storms of life had in-

deed swept over her. Her husband, her twelve children, all had passed away to join the invisible host whom our earthly eyes may see no more. Thus bereaved, she resided, in her age and helplessness, with some of her grand-children who were themselves in want. As both applicants were strangers, although their manner inspired confidence, we could give no immediate help, but took their address and handed it to our visitor, to be investigated as speedily as possible, when, should the account prove true, we will gladly distribute to them some of the clothing our friends, from time to time, put in our hands for the relief of just such cases.

We neglected to mention the departure of a very engaging infant of about a year old, (mentioned in our last month's report) for a home of adoption. There is something to us not only gratifying, but very suggestive in the train of thought called forth by such a scene. From a home of sin and sorrow the little one is taken to a Christian family and made the object of a Christian mother's solicitude and prayers. The very errors of her natural parents, by preventing them from caring for her, are made the occasion of giving her higher blessings than they, in their ignorance, could ever have bestowed upon their child. Is it thus that God makes even sin to glorify His perfections? Is it thus, that, through the redemptive influences of the great atonement, in its varied bearings upon our hearts and lives—the wrath of man is made to praise His overruling providence, who with unwearied patience and love, brings good out of evil? Even to our weak and darkened sight it seems at times that not from sorrow only, but from sin itself, almighty goodness does bring forth results

"Eternity to fill . . .
With never-ending praise,"

And yet we know sin is "that abominable thing which His soul hateth." We can pursue our questioning no further. We kiss the little parting one, with a silent blessing, and the thought, "Truly, O Lord, we destroy ourselves, but in Thee is our help." May that help be our refuge more and more, both for ourselves individually, for our nation and for humanity, till all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

EXTRACTS FROM VISITOR'S REPORT.

In the upper story of a tenement-house on _____ Avenue, we went to seek a poor widow with three little children. On opening the door, what a sad sight presented itself to our view! Before the little furnace, which served as an apology for a stove, with the glimmering of a fire in it, sat the little ones, alone and untended; the mother having been out all day to do a washing for which she was paid only fifty cents. The oldest child, unable to tell her own age, was probably six or seven years old; the next, a lovely boy of some three years, and then the poor baby, only one

year old, seated on a piece of rag-carpet, moaning and worrying for the nourishment which its unhappy mother would doubtless have given to it most gladly at that moment if she could have been there. How our hearts ached for the little creatures, but most of all for that infant, evidently crying for its mother's breast, suffering for the need of her care and her caresses. We looked around the apartment to discern some sign of comfort for the little ones in their mother's protracted absence. Food was not to be discovered, indeed there was no cupboard or pantry belonging to the room. A mass of bedding, such as it was, laid in one corner of the room; bedstead there was none. Nothing, literally nothing but a pine-table and two or three chairs with a wash-tub! How did the little ones amuse themselves in the long, dreary hours of the day? What could they have eaten since seven o'clock in the morning, when she was required to begin her day's work? Why did they not set themselves on fire, when nestling so close to it, with no one to tell them of their danger? These questions pressed upon our minds most painfully while standing there, trying to devise some means of relief for the family. All we could do then was to leave some money on the mantel-shelf for the poor mother on her return and distribute some crackers among the children, and thus we were obliged to leave them.

Our next visit was to a dark and dingy room, with only one window in it, to which we gained access through a dirty and slippery alleyway. Here we found a sorrowful woman, with two nice little girls, but she was mourning the loss of an infant, which she seemed to have loved most tenderly. She told us that during the riot of July, her husband left the house one morning and never returned again. After some days of suspense concerning his absence, she received a letter from him, saying that he never intended to return again, she must henceforward provide for herself. As he had been an unkind husband to her, she might have fared better than before, if only she could find any decent support for herself and little ones. But what could she do to earn a livelihood? She had no facilities for taking in washing, and as for sewing, if she could procure it, she felt that she could not live by it at the rates of payment for such work. Her wretched tenement compelled her to burn double the quantity of fuel which a better room would have required. So also the scanty light admitted from that single window would require a lighted lamp or candle the greater part of the twenty-four hours. The adjoining bed-room in which she slept was entirely dark. If she could obtain some steady employment in going out to wash, she would most gladly avail herself of it. We gave her a note of introduction to the teacher of Home Industrial School No. 5, which was in her locality, and hoped to obtain some permanent benefit for her little girls by placing them in that school and inducing them to attend the mission Sabbath-school in that vicinity.

Crossing the street, we climbed several pairs of stairs and knocked at the door of a room, which was far from being as comfortless as those previously described. The furniture was comfortable, and want had been a strange guest there until the husband and father was attacked by disease. Only a month had passed since his death, and during that time, his widow, worn out by grief and watching, had lain upon a sick-bed, unable to do anything for her three children, sweet little girls of three, five and seven years of age. She joyfully assented to our question if she would like to have us pray with her. Kneeling down by her bedside, the little ones forming a group around us, we invoked the blessing of a compassionate Saviour upon the sufferer and upon the fatherless children. "The Lord hear your prayer," was her fervent response. "May I be able to recover and bring up these poor children in the right way!" We told her that the best way to obtain good influences and faithful friends for them was to place them in an Industrial School, and send them to the neighboring mission Sunday-school. This she promised to do.

In the same block we were directed to another widow, with one little child and an aged, infirm mother-in-law. "How long since did your husband die?" was our question. "He was killed in the battle of Fair Oaks, ma'am, after a seven days' fight. He was in the Irish Brigade. He sent me money regularly until his death, but now I cannot get my pension, though I have tried for more than a year. I suppose it will come by-and-by, but I have his mother, this old lady, to support, and I find it very hard getting along." Such was the simple recital of an oft-told story, painfully familiar to our ears in these sad war times.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY EFFIE JOHNSON.

WHAT is life? 'Tis what we make it;
Pleasant, if we'll have it so;
Full of light, and joy, and gladness,
If in wisdom's paths we go.

Blessed and blessing, onward ever!
Upward to the pearly gates,
Where, if we have used life rightly,
Joyous welcome for us waits.

We may make life sad and gloomy
If for self alone we live;
If we shed no blessings round us,
Scanty blessings we'll receive.

And in darkness we may wander
If we will not seek the light,
All the mercies clustering round us,
Hidden from our darkened sight.

What is death? 'Tis what life makes it;
Welcome, if our life shall be
With the ever-blessed Saviour,
Lost in God's immensity.

Welcome, if His paths pursuing,
We have walked the upward road;

'Tis the narrow portal only,
Which divides us from our God.

From the loved ones gone before us,
From the Saints who worship there,
From the crown His word has promised,
His redeemed of earth shall wear.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of DONATIONS to the Home for the Friendless, from Feb. 10th to Feb. 25th, 1864.

(\$20 entitles the Donor to a Life-membership, and a copy of the A. & G. for life.)

HOME.

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75

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Mrs Julia Rudd, Reedsburg.....	1 00
Mrs L. R. Porter, Hudson.....	75
Iowa. —Mrs Charles Hepler \$1, Other Subscribers, Newton, per Mrs C. B. Meyer \$10.....	11 00
Family Collection, per E. O. Dudley, Mill.....	1 00
Mrs R. Smyth \$1, Mrs R. A. Ross 50c and Mrs J. Cook 40c, Marion.....	1 90
Minn. —Mrs M. H. Crittenden, Winona.....	1 00

CHILDREN'S RESPONSES.

Conn. —Merit, Somerset.....	10
N. Y. —Frances Welch, Homer.....	25
Annie Loomis, Rushville.....	25
Collected by Mary E. and Willie Wilder, at a Christmas gathering, Dansville.....	15
Willie, May and Mack Farrington, Searsburg.....	2 00
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Charles John, "To buy shoes for poor little boys," Lizzie and Johnny Stodart, Delhi.....	67
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Ohio. —Eddie and Frankie —, Florence and Eva White, Frankie and Freddie Cone, Wells and Emma Archer 10c each, George and Frank Lizer, Berta and Carrie Bethel 05c each, per Lizzie Whitcomb, Franklin Mills.....	1 00
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III. —Carrie, Elgin.....	05
Sarah, Ella and Herbie Waldo, Peru.....	30
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Mich. —Henry and Jennie R., Ridgeway.....	20
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Minn. —Alice Dunkie, Silver Creek.....	10
Oregon. —Agnes, Geneva and Georgy Warner 25c each, Frankie Warner 20c and L. W. Judkins ball, Eugene City, gold.....	3 75

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N. H. —Mrs Emma Shute, Exeter.....	5 00
Vt. —Bell Warner, West Halifax.....	1 00
Conn. —Dorcias and Sarah E. Haight 75c each, Somerset.....	1 50
N. Y. —Mrs S. B. Welch, Homer.....	50

LIFE MEMBERS.

Vt. —Collected at Mite Society, Westford, to const. in part Mrs Rev C. C. Torrey a L. M.....	10 00
Conn. —Mrs Mary Eaton, to complete L. M. of her granddaughter, Elizabeth E. Rockwell, Plainfield.....	10 00
N. Y. —Mrs J. A. V. Wood, Brooklyn, to complete L. M., per Mrs Hawkins.....	10 00
Mrs P. L. Fowler, Lenox, to complete L. M. of her granddaughter, Miss Flora E. French, Bridgeport.....	10 00
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N. Y. City. —Mrs Dewitt C. Hays, to apply on L. M. 5 00	5 00
Iowa. —A Friend to const. Mrs Sabeth Mix, Danville a L. M.....	20 00

CLOTHING, PROVISIONS, &c., received

from Feb. 10th to Feb. 25th, 1864.

Conn. —Sherman, package of clothing from Mrs Willis Sherwood.
Danbury, a quilt the work of eight little girls, Jennie Olmstead, LuLu Blair, Anna Betts, Nellie Hurd, Libbie Raymond, Fannie Stevens, Emma Wilcox and little Gerty. West Norfolk, parcel of clothing from Isabella Allen, per Mrs Rood.
New Milford, box of clothing from a friend.
New Haven, donation from a few friends, per Miss E. Huntington, 4 pair of stockings from Mrs H. S. Dawson. Center Brook, parcel from Ladies' Friendly Society.
N. Y. —Utica, bbl. of sundries from Ladies' Sewing Society. Coila, box of clothing from a few Friends.
South Dover, bbl. of clothing and potatoes from Mr and Mrs Alfred Giddings.
Chappaqua, 2 bed quilts from the Sewing Society, 3 needle books from Eliza Underhill, book-mark from Phoebe A. Dayton, cradle quilt from H. Hunter, per Mrs Carpenter. Morris, package of clothing from Mrs Avery.
Success, 2 pair stockings from Mrs R. Hudson.
Nassau, bbl. of clothing from the Ladies' Society and dried fruit and a bushel of nuts from a friend.
Rockaway, Larkspur seed from Mr Jaryn.
Hempstead, box from a Friend.
N. Y. City. —Package clothing & 2 bonnets from a Friend. Apron from Mrs Barnard.
Package of clothing from Mrs Sherman.
Package of clothing from Mrs P. H. Holt.
28 books from Appleton & Co. \$10 worth of books from Epis. S. S. Union for I. School Libraries. 25 pairs of shoes from Bell, Wheelock & Co. \$10 worth of books from Am. Tract Soc. for I. S. Libraries, per Mrs. Starr.

Ohio. —Claridon, box of clothing from the Ladies.
Coal Run, collar from Frances C. Millard.
Correction. —Oberlin, received for Bazaar from Mrs E. B. Clark a box containing 24 needle-books, etc.
Mich. —Liberty, donation from a Juvenile Donation Party. Genesee, bbl. of clothing from Ladies' Benev. Society.
Unknown. —Box of clothing, box of men's clothing bed-quilt, cradle-quilt, vegetables and clothing.

POSTAGE ON THIS PAPER.

By the new law, the postage on single copies of the *A. & G.* is now six cents a quarter, payable in advance, in all parts of the United States.

A package of four copies, which weighs 4 ounces, sent to ***one address**, is subject to no more postage than a single copy, according to Instruction 36, which Postmasters will please see.

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12 The postage must be paid in advance, either quarterly or yearly, at the office where received.

12 POSTMASTERS and others, desiring papers to be discontinued, will please send the name of the P. O. as well as of the subscriber.

***** The names **cannot** be put on papers taken in **clubs**, without subjecting **each** paper to full postage of 24c a year, and entailing a large additional expense on the publishers.

12 Packages, not letters, should be marked:

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Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, that they would use the following:

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$——, to be applied for the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument at the request of the testator, and in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

TO DONORS.—Small Packages, sent to the City by private hand, may be left at either of the following places:

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12 Will our friends, in sending on renewals of Clubs, always state in whose **name** they were taken, during 1863. The omission to do so, causes much confusion on our books.

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There have been prepared, in order to give our distant friends a more perfect idea of the institution in its details, a series of twelve beautiful pictures, taken with life-like accuracy, by the well-known photographer, E. ANTHONY, embracing the following:

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EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

To fold the arms of love around the perishing lambs of Jesus, to succor the tempted and comfort the widow and the forsaken, are the noblest objects towards which human attention can be turned. It is glorious to weigh the world, and count the stars of the nebula, to classify plants and animals and study the minutia of their structure, to search among the rocks and learn of the earth ere man's advent; but it is godlike to help prepare for an unending eternity those for whom Christ died. God has blessed your work so far; may His loving care continue until that time shall come when there will be no wounded hearts to bind up, no more suffering to alleviate.

P. V. H.

THE Home is very dear to me, and while I have given my boys to the cause of freedom, I would give what energy and influence I have to save children from destruction. Surely it is a blessed thing to be in the smallest way instrumental in so great a cause. In the great day it will not be asked if we walked in the higher or lower grades of society, but, how we employed the talents committed to our trust. I want to do all my duty in that state of life whereunto God hath called me; to take up my cross and follow on through evil and good report, having a single eye and a determined purpose.

M. W.

"Gathered Sage."—*A fragrant offering.*—Dear Mrs. Bennett, I am eight years old, and my little brother Frankie is four, and papa said that if I and my little brother Frankie would gather the sage last summer, that we could have the money that we got for it to do anything that we wanted to; and there was one dollar that we got, and so we thought that we would send it to the poor little children of the Home that I read about so much.

Your little friend, CORA LEE SEWARD.

Rosemond, Jan. 30th, 1864.

Well done, Cora and Frankie!—Ed.

Kind Wishes.—I pray that He in whose blessed cause you are so earnestly engaged, may strengthen and prosper you in your efforts, and kindly cheer you in the path of duty, until you receive your bright reward in that land where sin and sorrow can never enter. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Mementoes sent on a mission of love.—Dear Mrs. S.—It was the request of my little daughter, who left us for the home of the blest almost a year ago, that I should send some of her clothing to the Home. It is with a bleeding heart that I fulfill the promise to do so. I know I have already waited too long, it seems hard to have them go out of the house, yet I know it is all right that they should do some one good.

Here is also one dollar for the needy and destitute, with my prayers that while you are feeding others, the Lord may feed you with the bread of life.

A sister writes:—The ring and collars (sent with other articles) belonged to a cherished brother recently removed from earth, and it was his intention to have accompanied them with a note from himself expressing his deep interest in your Society, but his suddenly failing health prevented the execution of this plan.

A soldier's offering.—Madam,—Chancing to pick up from the mad this P.M. a number of the *Advocate and Guardian*, dated Dec. 1, 1862, I read a piece upon the first page entitled, "Family Cares." It has moved me to enclose the trifle of \$2.50, with the wish that it were in my power to send more. A companion also sends \$2.50.

A SOLDIER.
Hebron, Miss., Dec. 16th, 1863.

What a child may do.—Dear Madam,—Please find a draft for \$10, which is the result of two days' solicitation by "our Carrie" in behalf of the Home for the Friendless. Will any other little girl six and a half years old try to do better than this.

Very respectfully, M. A. W.

Safe Investment.—The cause of the Home is a glorious one, and while we rejoice that so many have contributed nobly, we wish that others may be induced to open their hearts and purses for this great and important work. The investment is a safe one, for "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

None lost.—I had some fears as to the continuance of our club, owing to the high prices now demanded for everything, but my want of faith has been rebuked by the addition of two or three new names, while the old number remain. May the blessing of God still be with you, and the coming year be one of great prosperity in your work, is the prayer of

Your friend, S. W. S.

A word for thoughtless mothers.—How many a dying child might say in the language of one of whom I have read. "Mother, I am dying, and going to hell! you never prayed for me once in all your life; now, come, mother, kneel down by my bed and pray for me once before I die."

Who for a world would have been in that mother's place?

A little girl, while away from home with her friends a few weeks, for the first time received religious instruction. While they were conversing with her one day, she said, "Well, we have no God at our house." So it is in too many families all over our country, I fear.

What the princess of Egypt said to the mother of the babe that wept in its Nile-rocked cradle of bulrushes, the voice of the Almighty ad-

dresses to every parent under whose protection is placed a bud of immortality:—"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

Mother, that child you love so dearly will be clothed in white and walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and join with angels in ascriptions of praise to God before thee, or weep and wail in the dark world of woe forever and ever. Mothers, will you train up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

M. E.

Testimony.—I feel deeply interested in the Home. It has saved many helpless little ones from much suffering and sin, and made them a blessing and comfort to many a lonely family.

A FRIEND TO THE FRIENDLESS.

"Knit thirty pair hose."—Dear Friends,—Knowing a small offering will not be despised by you, I enclose a dollar. Mother Blair also wishes to send one. At her house for several years past a box has been packed annually for the Home, and she is its chief contributor. One year she knit and donated thirty pairs of hose. She has another box now nearly ready for transportation. We would gladly do more, but consider it our duty to divide our gifts among different objects of charity.

Yours, &c., Mrs. S. A. F.

DIED, Sept. 11, 1863, at Williston, Vt., of paralysis, Mrs. Mary Chapin, wife of Dea. Ezbon Sanford, aged 54 years. Her life, that we now look back upon, gives us a bright example of great usefulness combined with great feebleness of health. She often visited the sick and afflicted; was actively engaged in the Sabbath-school, oftentimes assisting to clothe poor children that they might enjoy its privileges. Her sympathies extended beyond our own poor, and the "Home" children had a large place in her benevolent heart, as well as in her labors. For many years the circulation of the *Advocate and Guardian* occupied a share of her attention, and through her active agency it was supplied to many families who became deeply interested in it, and consequently in the general work of the Home enterprise.

The question now is,—who will take her place? Upon whom will her mantle rest? "She hath done what she could." "Give her of the fruits of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

S. H. H.

Williston, Vermont, Nov. 1863.

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